



**Cornell University Library**

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME  
FROM THE  
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND  
THE GIFT OF  
**Henry W. Sage**  
1891

7275308

1816/10

Cornell University Library  
**PR 2750.B65 1910**

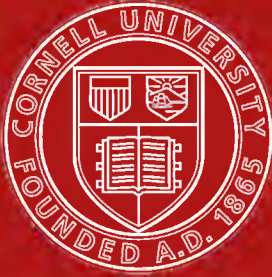
**Mucedorus, 1598.**



3 1924 013 134 386

oim, ovc1





## Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.

# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Mucedorus

1598

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX



## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# Mucedorus

*Date of Earliest Known Edition* . . . . . 1598

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, b. 34]

*Other Editions issued in* 1606 (?), 1610, 1613,  
1615, 1619, 1629, 1634, 1639, 1668

*Reproduced in Facsimile* . . . . . 1910





[To SUBSCRIBERS.—This postscript refers to the facsimile reprint of “King Edward III.,” and should be inserted in that volume.—J. S. F.]

*Second thoughts have induced me to give, as an extra slip for insertion in the facsimile of “King Edward III.,” the following letter from Mr. Herbert, which I deliberately excluded from my introduction to that volume on account of its “hypercritical” praise of the fidelity with which that facsimile was reproduced. As, however, I religiously quote every point against the photographer and printer, it has seemed, on second thoughts, only right I should give all per contra.*

*“Dear Mr. Farmer,*

*“The facsimiles of KING EDWARD are most excellent. The only criticism I have to offer, in fact, seems hypercritical. It is this : the original is comparatively faintly printed, on yellowish paper ; and so is distinctly less easy to read than the firm black printing of the facsimile on a greyish ground. Otherwise the original is reproduced with perfect fidelity.*

*“Yours truly,*

*“J. A. HERBERT.”*

*“British Museum,*

*“14th March, 1910.”*



# Mucedorus

1598

*This facsimile is a reproduction from the unique original copy of the earliest known edition of "Mucedorus," now in the British Museum (Press-mark, C. 34, b. 34). It formed part of the rare collection of Old English Drama bequeathed to the nation by Garrick, and at that time was included in a volume containing two other items—"Fair Em" and "The Merry Devil of Edmonton"—the three plays having been labelled by the royal binder to Charles II., to whom the volume originally belonged, "Shakespeare, Vol. I."*

*Round this ascription has centred much discussion and criticism, but to little definite result.*

*"Mucedorus" is not entered on the Stationers' Books. Possibly it was licensed independently by the Master of the Revels. It was frequently reprinted, having run to no less than ten editions in seventy years—a sure test of its popularity.*

*Mr. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original, says the reproduction is "very well done"; some, indeed nearly all, pages being earmarked as "excellent facsimiles." Mr. Herbert, however, notes a few instances of a tendency to "print too heavily." This is a technicality which is now receiving full expert attention, and I hope in the next issue—"King Leir"—to revert to the matter.*

JOHN S. FARMER.







*A*  
Most pleasant Co-  
medie of *Mucedorus* the kings  
sonne of *Valentia* and *Amadine*  
the Kings daughter of *Arragon*,  
with the merie conceites  
of *Monsie.*

Newly set forth, as it hath bin  
*sundrie times plaide in the ho-*  
*norable Citie of London.*

Very delectable and full  
of mirth.



LONDON  
Printed for *William Iones*, dwel-  
ling at *Holborne conduit*, at  
the signe of the Gunne.

1598.



Eight persons may easily play as

The King and } } for one.  
Rombelo.

Mucedorus the prince } } for one.  
of Valensia.

Amadine the Kinges } } for one.  
daughter of Arragon.

Segasto a Noble } } for one.  
man.

Enuie: Tremelio a Captaine, } } for one.  
Bremo a wilde man.


Comedy, a boy, an ould woman, } } for one.  
Ariena Amadines maide.

Collen a Counsellor, } } for one.  
A messenger.

Monse the Clowne. } } for one.







# A most pleasant Co-

medie of *Mucedorus* the Kings

sonne of Valentia, and *Amadine*,  
the kings daughter of Arragon.

*Enter Comedie ioyfull with a garland of  
hyes on her head.*



Hy so? thus doe I hope to please:  
Musicke reuiues, and mirth is tollerable,  
*Comedie* play thy part, and please,  
Mak merry them that come to ioy with  
thee:

Ioy then good gentilles, I hope to make you laugh,  
Sound forth *Bellonas* siluer tuned strings.  
Time fits vs well, the daie and place is ours.

*Enter Enuie, his armes naked besmeared  
with bloud*

*En.* Nay staie minion, there lies a block.  
What a! on mirth; Ile interrupt your tale.  
And mixe your musicke with a tragick end.

*Co.* What monstrous vgly hagge is this,  
That dares controwle the pleasures of our will?  
Vaunt churlish curre, besmeared with gorie bloud,  
That seemst to check the blossoms of delight,  
And stiffe the sound of sweete *Bellonas* breath,

A2

Blush

Blush, monster blush, and post away with shame,  
That seekest disturbance of a goddesse deedes.

*En.* Post hence thy selfe, thou counterchecking trul,  
I will possesse this habite spite of thee  
And gaine the glorie of thy wished porte,  
Ile thunder musicke shall appale the nimphes,  
And make them sheuer their clattering strings:  
Flying for succour to their danes caues.

*Sound drummes within and crie stab stab.*

Hearken, thou shalt hear a noise  
Shall fill the aire with a shrilling sound,  
And thunder musicke to the gods about:  
Mars shall himselfe breathe downe  
A peerelesse crowne vpon braue enuies head,  
And raise his chiuall with a lasting fame  
In this braue muticke *Enuie* takes delight,  
Where I may see them wallow in there blood,  
To spurne at armes and legges quite shiuered off,  
And heare the cries of many thousand slaine,  
How likst thou this my trull, this sport alone for mee?

*Co.* Vaunt bloodie curre, nurst vp with tygers sapp,  
That so dost seek to quail a womans minde,  
*Comedie* is mild, gentle, willing for to please,  
And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates:  
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales,  
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe,  
Thou bloodie, Enuious, disdainer of mens ioye,  
Whose name is fraught with bloodie stratagemes,  
Delights in nothing but in spoyle and death,  
Where thou maist trample in their luke warme blood,  
And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes;

Yet







Yet vaile thy mind, reuenge thou not on mee,  
A silly woman begs it at thy hands,  
Giue me the leaue to viter out my play,  
Forbeare this place, I humblie craue thee hence,  
And mixe not death amongst pleasing comedies,  
That treats naught els but pleasure and delight.  
If any sparke of humaine rests in thee,  
Forbeare, be gon, tender the suite of mee.

*En.* Why so I wil, forbearance shall be such  
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,  
And make thee mourne where most thou ioiest,  
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:  
Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,  
And drench thy methodes in a sea of bloud:  
This will I doe, thus shall I beare with thee  
And more to vex thee with a deeper spite,  
I will with threatnes of bloud begin thy play:  
Fauoring thee with enuie and with hate.

*Co.* Then vglie monster doe thy woorst,  
I will defend them in despite of thee:  
And though thou thinkest with tragick fumes  
To braue my play vnto my deepe disgrace:  
I force it not; I scorn what thou canst doe  
Ile grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse:  
From tragick stuffe to be a pleasant comedie

*En.* Why then *Comedie* fend thy actors forth  
And I will crosse the first steps of their read:  
Making them feare the verie dart of death.

*Co.* And Ile defend them mangre all thy spite  
So vgly fiend, strewell, tell time shall serue,  
That we may meete to parle for the best.

*En.* Content *Comedie*, ile goe spread my branch,  
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious tree.

Shall

*Exit.* Shall proue to monsters, spoiling of their ioyes.

*Enter Segasto running and Amadine after him, being persued with a beare*

*Se.* Oh fly Madam, fly or els weart but dead.

*Ama.* Help Segasto help, help swet Segasto or els I die.

*Segasto runnes away.*

Alas madam, there is no way but flight,  
Then hast and saue your selfe.

*Ama.* Why then I die, ah helpe me in distresse,

*Enter Mucedorus like a shepheard with a sworde drawne and a beares head in his hande.*

*Mu.* Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaide,  
That cruell beast most mercesse and fell,  
Which haue bereaued thousands of their liues,  
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,  
Prying from place to place to find his praie,  
Prolonging thus his life by others death;  
His carcasse now lies headlesse void of breth.

*Ama.* That fowle deformed monster is he dead?

*Mu.* Assure your selfe thereof, behould his head:  
Which if it please you Lady to accept,  
With willing heart I yeeld it to your maiestie.

*Ama.* Thanks worthy shepheard, thanks a thousand times

This gift assure thy selfe contents me more,  
Then greatest bountie of a mighty prince:  
Although he were the monarch of the world.

*Mu.*





*Mu.* Most gracious goddesse, more then mortall wight,  
Your heauenly hewe of right imports no lesse,  
Most glad am I in that it was my chance,  
To vndertake this enterprise in hand.

Which doth so greatly glad your princely minde.

*Ama.* No goddesse shepheard, but a mortall wight

A mortall wight distressed as thou seest:

My father heere is king of Arragon.

I *Amadine* his only daughter am:

And after him sole heire vnto the crowne.

Now where as it is my fathers will,

To mary me vnto *Segasto*,

On whose welth through fathers former vsury

Is knowen to be no lesse then woonderfull,

We both of custome oftentimes did vse,

Leauing the court to walke within the fieldes,

For recreation especially the spring,

In that it yelds greate store of rare delights:

And passing further then our wonted walkes,

Scarle were entred within these lucklesse woods,

But right before vs downe a steepe fall hil

Amonstrous vgly beare did hie him fast,

To meete vs both, I faint to tell the rest,

Good shepherd, but suppose the gastly lookes,

The hiddious feares, the thousand hunderd woes,

Which at this instant *Amadine* susteind.

*Mu.* Yet worthy princes let thy sorrow cease,

And let this fight your former loyes reuiue.

*Ama.* Beleeue me shepheard so it doth no lesse.

*Mu.* Long may they last vnto your hearts content.

But tell me Ladie what is become of him,

*Segasto* calld, what is become of him?

*Ama.* I knowe not: that knowe the powers diuine,

But God graunt this that sweet *Segasto* liue.

*Mu.* Yet heard harted he in such a case,  
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight,  
And leaue so braue a princeesse to the spoyle.

*Am.* Well shepheard for thy worthy valour tried,  
Endangering thy selfe to set me free:

Vnrecompensed sure thou shalt not be.

In court thy courage shall be plainly knowne:

Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,

To thy renoune and neuer dying famed.

And that thy courage may be better knowne.

Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast

In open fight to euerie courtiers viewe.

So will the king my father thee reward.

Come lets away, and guard me to the court.

*Mu.* With all my heart.

*Enter Segasto solus.*

*Se.* When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,

Tis time as then, some say to looke about,

And so ensuing harmes to choose the least:

But hard, yea haplesse is that wretchesse chaunce,

Lucklesse his lot, and cayniffe like a courtes,

At whose proceedings fortune euer frownes.

My selfe I meane most subiect vnto thrall,

For I the more I seeke to shun the worst:

The more by proofe I finde my selfe accurst:

Ere whiles assaulted with an vgly beare,

Fayre *Amadine* in company all alone,

Forthwith by flight I thought to saue my selfe,

Leaving my *Amadine* vnto her shifts:

For death it was, for to resist the beare,

And







And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.  
 Accursed I in lingring life thus long,  
 In lecuing thus each minute of an hower  
 Doth pierce my hart with dartes of thousand deathes:  
 If she by flight her fury doe escape,  
 What will she thinke;  
 Will she not say; yea flatly to my face,  
 Accusing me of meere disloyaltie,  
 A trustie friend is tride time of neede:  
 But I when she in danger was of death  
 And needed me, and cried *Segasio* helpe:  
 I turned my backe and quickly ran away,  
 Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:  
 But what, what needes these plaintes.  
 If *Amadine* do liue then happie I,  
 Shee will in time forgiue and so forget,  
*Amadine* is mercifull, not *Iuro* like.  
 In harmful hart to harbor haured long.

*Enter Mouse the Clowne running crying clubs.*

*Mouse.* Clubs, prongs, pitchforks, billes, O helpe,  
 a beare, a beare, a beare.

*Se.* Still beares, and nothing else but beares.  
 Tell me sirra wher she is;

*Cl.* O sir, she is runne downe the woods:  
 I see her wite head and her white belly.

*Se.* Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white bears.  
 But sirra didst thou euer see any such;

*Cl.* No faith I neuer sawe any such,  
 But I remember my fathers woordes, (beare  
 Hee bad mee take heade I was not caught with a white  
*Se.* A lamentable tale no dout.

B

*Cl.*

*Clo.* I tell you what sir as I was going a fildes to serue my fathers greate horse, & caried a bottly of hay vpon my head, now doe you see sir, I fast hūdwinckr, that I could see nothing, perceiuing the beare comming; I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

*Se.* What from nothing;

*Clo.* I warrant you yes, I saw something, for there wastow loade of thornes besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

*Se.* But tell me sirra, the beare that thou didst see; Did she not beare a bucket on her arme;

*Clo.* Ha ha, ha, I neuer saw beare goe a milking in all my life.

But hark you sir, I did not looke so hie as her arme: I saw nothing but her whit head, and her whit belly.

*Se.* But tell me sirra, where doost thou dwell;

*Clo.* Why, doe you not know mee?

*Se.* Why no, how should I know thee?

*Clo.* Why then you know no bodie, and you knowe not mee? I tell you sir I am the goodman raison of the next parish ouer the hill.

*Se.* Goodman rats son why whats thy name,

*Clo.* why I am very neere kin vnto him.

*Se.* I thinke so, but whats thy name?

*Clo.* My name, I haue very pretie name ile tel you what my name is: my name is *Moufe*,

*Se.* vvhath plaine *Moufe*.

*Clo.* I, plaine moufe with out either welt or garde. But doe you heare sir I am but a very young moufe, For my taile is scarce growne out yet; looke you here els.

*Se.* But I pray thee, who gaue thee that name?

*Clo.* Fayth sir I know not that, but if you would faime know





know, aske my fathers greate horse, for he hath bin halfe  
a yeare longer with my father then I haue.

*Se.* This seemes to be a merrie fellow,  
I care not if I take him home with me,  
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,  
A merrie man, a merrie master makes.  
How saist thou sirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

*Clo.* Nay soft sir, tow words to a bargaine, praie you  
what occupation are you?

*Se.* No occupation, I liue vpon my landes.

*Clo.* Yourlands, a way, you are no maister for me, why  
doe you thinke that I am so mad, to go seke my liuing  
in the lands amongst the stones, briars, and bushes,  
and teare my holy day apparell, not I by your leaue.

*Se.* Why, I do not meane thou shalt.

*Clo.* How then?

*Se.* Why thou shalt be my man, and waite vpon me  
at the court.

*Clo.* Whats that?

*Se.* Where the King lies.

*Clo.* Whats that same King a man or woman?

*Se.* A man as thou arte.

*Clo.* As I am, haik you sir pray you what kin is he to  
good man king of our parish the church warden?

*Se.* No kin to him, he is the King of the whole land.

*Clo.* king of the land, I neuer see him.

*Se.* If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt see him e-  
uerie day.

*Clo.* shal I go home againe to be torne in peces with  
beares, no not I, I wil go home & put on a cleane shirt,  
and then goe drowne my selfe.

*Se.* Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me,  
thou shalt want nothing.

*Cl.* Shall I not? then heares my hand, ile dwel with you,  
And harke you fir, now you haue entertained me, I wil  
tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from  
picking aud stealing, and my handes from lying and  
flaundering, I warrant you, as wel as euer you had man.  
in all your life.

*Sc.* Now will I to court with sorrowfull hart, rownd-  
ded with doubts, if *Amadine* do eliae, then happy I: yea  
happie I if *Amadine* do eliae.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with a young prince prisoner,  
Amadinewith Collen and counsellors.*

*King* Now braue Lords, our wars are brought to end,  
Our foes the foile and we in safetie rest,  
It ys behoues to vse such clemencie in peace.  
As valour in the warre.

It is as great honor to be bountifull at home,  
As to be conquerers in the field.

Therefore my Lords the more to my content,  
Your liking, and your countries safegarde,  
We are dispoſde in marriage for to giue  
Our daughter to Lord *Segasso* heare,

Who shall succede the diadem after me:

And raigue heereafter as I tofore haue done

Your sole and lawfull King of Arragon:

Whar say you Lordings, like you of my aduise?

*Col.* And please your Maiesty, we doe not onely a-  
lowe of your highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithful-  
ly in whar we may to further it.

*King.* Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adroffus* liue  
Hee will at full requite your currefies.

*Tremelio* in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take







Take vnto thee the Catalone a prince,  
Latelie our prisoner taken in the warres  
Be thou his keeper, his ranfome shall be thine;  
Weele thinke of it when leasure shall afforde:  
Meane while doe vse him well, his father is a King.  
*Tre.* Thanks to your Maiestie, his vsage shall be such,  
As he therat shall thinke no cause to grutce.

*Exeunt.*

*King* Then march we on to court, and rest our wearied limmes  
But *Collen*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee:  
When thou shalt heare a watch woord from thy king,  
Thinke then some waightie matter is at hand  
That highlie shall concerne our state,  
Then *Collen* looke thou be not farre from me:  
And for thy seruice thou to fore hast done,  
Thy trueth and valour proude in euerie point,  
I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore:  
So guard vs to the court.

*Col.* What so my soueraigne doth commaund me doe,  
With willing mind I gladly yeeld consent *Exeunt.*

*Enter Segasto and the Clowne, with weapons about him*

*Se.* Tel me sirra, how doe you like your weapons;

*Clo.* O verie wel, verie wel, they keep my sides warme.

*Se.* They keep the dogs from your shins very well  
doe they not;

*Clo.* How, keep the dogs from my shins, I would  
scorne but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

*Se.* Well sirra, leauing idle talke, tell me:

Dost thou know capitaine *Tremelioes* chamber;

*Clo.* I verie well, it hath a doore

*Se.* I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber.

But dost thou know the man.

*Clo.* I forsooth he hath a nose on his face.

*Se.* Why so hath euery on

*Clo.* Thats more then I know.

*Se.* But doest thou remember the capitaine, that was  
heere with the king euennow, that brought the yong  
prince prisoner?

*Clo.* O verie well.

*Se.* Go vnto him and bid him come to me,  
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him,

*Clo.* I wil master, master whats his name?

*Se.* Why capitaine *Tremelio*.

*Clo.* O the meale man, I knowe him verie well,  
He brings meale euery saturday: but harke you master  
must I bid him come to you or must you come to him

*Se.* No sir, he must come to me.

*Clo.* Harke you master, how if he be not at home.  
What shall I doe then?

*Se.* Why then leaust worde with some of his folkes.

*Clo.* Oh maister, if there be no bodie within,  
I will leaue word wth his dog.

*Se.* Why can his dog speake,

*Clo.* I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his cham-  
ber els.

*Se.* To keepe out such knaues as thou art.

*Clo.* Nay be ladie then go your selfe.

*Se.* You will go sir, wil ye not,

*Clo.* Yes marrie will I, O tis come to my head,  
And a be not within, le bring his chamber to you.

*Se.* What wilt thou plucke down the Kings house?

*Clo.* Nay be ladie ile knowe the price of it first.  
Master it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it a-  
gain I praie you tell me his name,

*Se.* I tell thee capitaine *Tremelio*.

*Clo.* Oh capitaine treble knaue, capitaine treble knaue

*Ente*





Enter Tremelio.

*Tre.* How now sirra, doost thou call mee?

*Clo.* You must come to my maister captain treble knau

*Tre.* My Lord *Segasto*. did you send for mee.

*Se.* I did *Tremelio*, sirra about your businesse.

*Clo.* I marry, whats that can you tell?

*Se.* No not well.

*Clo.* Marrie then I can, straight to the kitchen dresser, to  
John the cooke, and get me a good peece of beefe and  
brewis; and then to the buttery hatch to Thomas the  
butler, for a iagke of beare, and there for an houre ile so  
be labour my selfe, therefore I pray you cal me not till  
you thinke I haue done, I pray you good mayster.

*Se.* Well sir away.

*Tremelio* this it is, thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*.

Spred through all the kingdome of Arragon,

And such as hath found triumph and fauours,

Neuer daunted at any tyme, but now a shepherd,

Admired at in court for worthynesse.

And *Segastes* honour layd a side.

My wil therefore is this, that thou dost find som meanes  
to worke the shepherdes death, I know thy streng h  
sufficient to performe my desire, & thy loue no other  
wise then to reuenge my iniuries.

*Tre.* It is not the frownes of a shepherd that *Tremelio*  
feares.

Therefore account it accomplished, what I take in hane

*Se.* Thankes good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,

What I promise that will I performe.

*Tre.* Thankes my good Lord, and in good time

See where he commeth, stand by a while.

And you shall see me put in practise your intended,  
driftes.









*Clo.* Flaime, no by Ladie he is not flaime.

*Se.* Hees kild I tell thee.

*Clo.* What, doe you vse to kil your friends.

I will serue you no longer.

*Se.* I tell thee the shepheard kild him.

*Clo.* O did a so, but master, I will haue al his apparel  
if I carry him away.

*Se.* Why so thou shalt.

*Clo.* Come then I will healpe, mas master I thinke his  
mother song looby to him he is so heauie.

*Exeunt.*

*Mu.* behold the fickle state of man, alwaies mutable,  
neuer at one.

Sometimes we feed on fancies with the sweete of our  
desires.

Somtimes againe vve feele the heat of extreame mi-  
feric.

Nowv am I in fauour about the court and countrie.

To morrovv those fauours vvill turne to frovnnes,

To daie I liue reuenged on my foe,

To morrovv I die, my foe reuenged on me,

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Brema a wild man.*

*Bre.* No passengers this morning, vvhat not one.

A chance that seldome doth befall.

What not one, then lie thou there,

And rest thy selfe til I haue further neede:

Nowv Brema sith thy leasure so affords.

An endlesse thng, vvho knovves not Bremoes strength

Who like a king commander vvithin these vvoods,

The beare, the boare, dares not abide my sight,

C

But

*The Comedie*

But hastes away to saue themselves by flight:  
The chiuill waters in the bubbling brookes,  
When I come by doth swiftly slide away,  
And claps themselves in closets vnder banks,  
Afraide to looke bold *Bremio* in the face:  
The aged oke at *Bremoes* breath doe bowe,  
And all things els are still at my commaund,  
Els What would I?  
Rent them in peeces and plucke them from the earth,  
And each waie els I would reuenge my selfe,  
Why who comes heere with whom: I dare not fight,  
Who fights with me & doth not die the death; not on:  
What fauour shewes this sturdie stick to those,  
That heere within these woods are combataines with  
me?

Why death and nothing else but present death,  
With restless rage I wander through these woods,  
No creature heere but *Bremois* force,  
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,  
And euery thing that doth approach my sight,  
Are forst to fall if *Bremio* once but frowne,  
Come cudgel come, my partner in my spoiles,  
For heere I see this dale it will not be,  
But when it fallies that I encounter anie,  
One pat sufficed for to worke my will,  
What comes not one? then lets begon,  
A time vwill serue vwhen vve shall better speed.

*Exit.*

*Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepheard  
and the Clowne with others.*

*King:* Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,  
Murder is laid to thy charge,

What





What canst thou say, thou hast deserued death;  
*Mu.* Dread soueraigne, I must needes confesse,  
I slewe this captaine in mine owne defence,  
Not of any malice but by chance,  
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.  
Se, woords will not heere preuaile,  
I seek for iustice, & iustice craues his death.

*King.* Shepheard thine owne confession hath condemned thee.

Sirra take him away, & doe him to execution straight.

*Clo.* So hee shall I warrant him, but doe you heare maister King, he is kin to a monkie, his necke is bigger then is head.

Se, Com sirra away with him, and hang him about the middle.

*Clo.* Yes forsooth I warrant you, come on sir, a so like a sheepe biter a lookes.

*Enter Amadine and a boie with a beares head*

*Ama.* Dread soueraigne and welbeloued sire.  
On bended knees I craue the life of this condemned shepheard, which heertofore preferued the life of thy sometime distressed daughter,  
*K.* preferued the life of my sometime distressed daughter  
How can that be; I neuer knew the time  
Whrein thou wast distressed, I neuer knew the daie  
But that I haue maintained thy state,  
As best befeemd the daughter of a king  
I neuer saw the shepheard until now,  
How comes it then that he preferud thy life?

*Ama.* Once vvalkeing vvith *Segasta* in the woods,  
Further then our accustomed maner vvvas,

Right before vs downe a steepe fal hill,  
A monstrous vgly beare doth hie him fast  
To meete vs both, now whether this bee trewe,  
I referre it to the cerdit of *Segasto*.

*Se.* Most trew and like your maiestie.

*King.* How then?

*Ama.* The beare being eager to obtaine his praie;  
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,  
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once,  
The sight whereof did make vs both to dread,  
But speciallie your daughter *Amadine*,  
Who for I saw no succour incident  
But in *Segastos* valour, I grew desperate,  
And he most cowardlike began to fly..  
Lest me distrest to be deuour'd of him,  
How say you *Segasto* is it not true?

*K.* His sience verifies it to be true, what then?

*Ama.* Then I am a distressed all alone,  
Did he me fast to scape that vgly beare,  
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,  
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes,  
Till at the length this shepheard came,  
And brought to me his head.  
Come hither boy, loe heere it is, which I present vnto  
your maiestie.

*Ki.* The slaughter of this beare deserues great fame.

*Se.* The slaughter of a man deserues greates blame.

*King.* Indeed occasion oftentimes so falles out.

*Se.* *Tremelio* in the wars, O *King* preserved thee. (me.

*Ama.* The shepheard in the woods o *king* preserved

*S.* *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld.

*Ama.* So would the shepheard had he bin in field

*Glo.* So would my maister, had he not run away.

Se







*Sc. Tremelios* force saued thousands from the foe.  
*Ama.* The shepheards force haue saued thousand,  
more.

*Clo.* Aye shipstickes, nothing else.

*King. Segasto* ceale to accuse the shepheard,  
His woorthynesse deserues a recompence,  
All we are bound to doe the shepheard good: )die,  
Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence, thou shouldst  
So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

*Sc.* Thanks to your maiestie.

*King.* But loe *Segasto*, not for this offence,  
Long maist thou liue, and when the sisters shal decree  
To cut in twaine the twisted thread of life,  
Then let him die, for this I set thee free,  
And for thy valour I will honour thee.

*Mu.* Thanks to your maiestie.

*King.* Come daughter let vs now departe, to honour  
the worthy valour of the shepheard with our rewards.

*Exeunt.*

*Clo.* O mayster heare you, you haue made a freshe  
hand now you would be slowe you, why what will  
you doe nowe? you haue lost me a good occupation by  
the meanes, Faith maister now I cannot hang the shep-  
heard, I pray you let me take the paines to hang you,  
it is but halfe an houres exercise.

*Se.* You are still in your knauery, but sith I cannot  
haue his life I will procure his banishment for euer.  
Come on sirra.

*Clo.* Yes forsooth I come laugh at him I pray you.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

*Mu.* From *Amadine* and from her fathers court,  
With gold and siluer and with rich reuwardes,

C3

Floving

Flowing from the bankes of golden treasures,  
More may I boast and say but I  
Was neuer shepheard in such dignitie,

*Enter the messengers and the clowne.*

*Mess.* All hayle worthy shepheard.

*Clo.* All rayne lowsie shepheard.

*Mu.* Welcome my frindes, from whence come you;

*Mess.* The King and *Amadine* greetes thee well,  
And after greetings done, bids thee depart the court,  
shepheard begon.

*Clo.* Shepheard take lawe legs, flye away shepheard

*Mu.* Whose woordes are these? came these from  
*Amadine?*

*Mess.* Aye from *Amadine.*

*Clo.* Aye from *Amadine.*

*Mu.* Ah luckelosse fortune worse then *Phaetons* tale,  
My former bleffe is now become my bale.

*Clo.* What wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

*Mu.* My former heauen is now become my hell.

*Clo.* The worst ale house that I euer came in, in al my  
life.

*Mu.* What shall I doe,

*Clo.* Euen goe hang thy selfe halfe an nower.

*Mu.* Can *Amadine* so churelissly commaund,  
To banish the shepheard from her Fathers court?

*Mess.* What should shepheardes doe in the court?

*Clo.* What should shepheardes doe amongst vs, haue  
we not Lordes inough on vs in the court?

*Mu.* Why shepheardes are men, and kinges are no  
more.

*Mess.* Shepheardes are men and masters ouer their  
flocke.

*Clo.*





*Cl.* Thats a lie who payes them their wages then?  
*M.* Well you are alwayes interrupting of me,  
But you are best looke to him least you hang for him  
when he is gone. *Exit.*

*The Clowe sings.*

*Cl.* And you shall hang for companie,  
For leauing me alone.  
Shepherd stand foorth and heare thy sentence,  
Shepherd begone within three dayes in payne of,  
My displeasure, shepherd begon, shepherd begon,  
begon, begon, begon, shepherd, shepherd, shepherd  
*Exit.*

*M.* And must I goe, and must I needs depart?  
Ye goddly groues partakers of my longes;  
In tyme tofore when fortune did not frowne,  
Powre forth your plants and waile a while with me  
And thou bright sunne my comfort in the cold;  
Hide, hide thy face and leaue me comfortlesse,  
Ye hol some hearbes, and sweete smelling sauiours,  
Ye each thing els prolonging life of man,  
Change, change your wonted course,  
That I wanting your aide, in woefull sort may die,

*Enter Amadine.*

*Amad.* *Amadine* if any body aske for mee,  
Make some excuse till I returne.

*Ari.* What and *Sigisfo* call I shall welcome you on.

*Ama.* Do thou the like to him, I mean not to stay long.

*Mu.* This voyce so sweet: my pining spirites reuiues.

*Ama.* Shepherd, wel meete at this hour thou dost.

*Mu.* I linger life yet with full speed to death.

*Ama.* Shepherd, although thy banishment already be  
decreed

decreed and all agaynst thy will, yet *Amadine*.

*Mu.* Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment is death,  
I double death to me, but since I must depart, one thing  
I craue.

*Ama.* Say on with all my heart.

*Mu.* That in absence either farre or neere.  
You honor me as seruant with your name.

*Ama.* Not so.

*Mu.* And vvhy?

*Ama.* I honour thee as soueraigne with my heart.

*Mu.* A shepheard and a soueraigne nothing like.

*Ama.* Yet like enough where there is no dislike.

*Mu.* Yet great dislike or els no banishment.

*Ama.* Shepheard, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy  
banishment.

*Mu.* Vnworthy wightes are most in ielosie.

*Ama.* Would God they would free thee from banish-  
ment, or likewise banish mee.

*Mu.* Amen say I, to haue your companie.

*Ama.* Well shepheard, sith thou sufferest this for my  
sake, with thee in exile also let me liue.

On this condition shepheard thou canst loue.

*Mu.* No longer loue no longer let me liue:

*Ama.* O flat I loued one indeed, now loue I none but  
onely thee.

*Mu.* Thanks worthe princes I borne likewise,  
Yet smother vp the blast,

I dare not promise what I may performe,

*Ama.* Well shepheard, harke what I shall say,  
I will returne vnto my Fathers court.

Therefore to provide me of such necessaries,

As for our journey I shall thinke most fit,

This being done I will returne to thee,

Doc







Doe thou therefore appoint the place where we may meete.

*Mu.* Downe in the valley where I flue the beare,  
And there doth grow a faire broad branched beach,  
That ouer shades a well, so who comes first  
Let them abide the happie meeting of vs both.  
How like you this?

*Ama.* I like it very wel.

*Mu.* Now if you please you may appoint the time,

*Ama.* Full three hours hence God willing, I will  
returne.

*Mu.* The thanks that *paris* gaue the grecian queene  
the like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

*Ama.* Then *Mucedorus* for threee howres farewell.

*Exit*

*Mu.* Your departure ladie breedes a priuie paine.

*Exit.*

*Enter Segasto solus.*

*Se.* Tis well *Segasto* that thou hast thy will,  
Shoul'd such a shephard, such a simple swaine  
As he, eclips thy credite famous through the court.  
No ply *Segasto* ply; let it not in Arragon be saide,  
A shephard hath *Segatoe* honour wonne.

*Enter Mousé the clowne calling his maister*

*Clo.* What hoe maister will you come away; (ter?)

*Se.* Will you come hither I pray you, whats the mat-

*Clo.* Why, is it not past a leauen a clock.

*Se.* How then sir.

*Clo.* I pray you com away to dinner.

*Se.* I pray you come hither.

*Clo.* Heres such a doe with you, wil you neuer come?

*Se.* I pray you sir what newes of the message I sente  
you about,

*Clo.* I tell you all the messes be on the table alreadie,

D

There

There wants not so much as a messe of mustard halfe  
an novver agoe.

*Se.* Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly.  
You haue forgotten vvhat I did bid you doe,

*Cl.* Faith I knowe nothing, but you bad me goe to  
breakfast.

*Se.* Was that all;

*Cl.* Faith I haue forgotten it, the verie sent of the  
meate made me hath forget it quite.

*Se.* You haue forgotten the arrant I bid you doe.

*Cl.* What arrant, an arrant knaue, or arrant  
vvhore;

*Se.* Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the  
shepherd.

*Cl.* O the shepherds bastard.

*Se.* I tell thee the shepherdes banishment.

*Cl.* I tel you the shepherds bastard shalbe vvell kept  
ile looke to it my selfe else, but I pray you come avway  
to dinner.

*Se.* Then you vvil not tell me vvwhether you haue ba-  
nished him or noe.

*Cl.* Why I cannot say banishment and you vvould  
giue me a thousand pounds to say so,

*Se.* Why you horson slaue, haue you forgotten, that  
I sent you and another to driue avway the shephard.

*Cl.* What an asse are you. heers a sturre in deecde  
heeres message, arrant, banishment, and I cannot tell  
what.

*Se.* I pray you sir, shall I know vvwhether you haue  
droue him avway.

*Cl.* Faith I thinke I haue, and you vvill not belecue  
me aske my staffe.

*Se.* Why can thy staffe tell.  
*Mu* Why he vvvas vvith me to.

*Se*





*Se.* Then happie I that haue obtaind my will.

*Clo.* And happier I, if you would goe to dinner.

*Se.* Come sirra, follow me:

*Clo.* I warrant you I will not loose an inch of you now  
you are going to dinner, I promise you I thought sea-  
uen yeare before I could get him away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Amadine sola,*

*Ama.* God grant my long delaie procures no harme  
Nor this my tarring frustrate my pretence,  
My *Mucedorus* surelie staies for me,  
And thinks me ouer long, at length I come  
My present promise to performe:  
Ah what a thing is firme vnfaigned loue,  
What is it which true loue dares not tempt  
My fa' er he may make but I must match,  
*Segasto* loues; but *Amadine* must like,  
Where likes her best, compulsion is a thrall,  
No, no, the heartie choise is all in all,  
The shephards vertue *Amadine* esteemes.  
But what me thinks my shephard is not come?  
I muse at that, the hower is sure at hande,  
Well here ile rest till *Mucedorus* come.

*Shee sit shew downe.*

*Enter Bremono looking about, hastily taketh  
hould of her.*

*Bremo.* A hapie pray, now *Bremo* feede on flesh,  
Dainties *Bremo* dainties thy hungry panch to fill,  
Now glut thy greedie guts with luke warme blood,  
Come fight with me. I long to see thee dead.

*Ama.* How can she fight that weapons cannot weeld?

*Bre.* What canst not fight? then lie thou downe and  
die.

*Ama.* What must I die?

*Bre.* What needes these words. I thirst to sucke thy

*Ama.* Yet pittie me and let me liue a while. (bloud

*Bre.* No pittie I, ile feed vpon thy flesh,  
Ile teare thy bodie peecemeale ioynt from ioynt.

*Ama.* Ah now I want my shephards company.

*Bre.* ile crush thy bones betwixt tow oken trees.

*Ama.* Hast shephard hast or else thou comst to lat.

*Bre.* ile sucke the sweetnes from thy marie bones.

*Ama.* Ah spare ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood

*Bre.* With this my bat will I beate out thy braines  
Down, down I say, prostrate thy selfe vpon the ground

*Ama.* Then *Mucedorus* farevvell my hoped ioies farevvell.  
Yea farevvell life, and vvelcome present death,

*Shee kneeles.*

To thee O God I yeeld my dying ghost.

*Bre.* Novv *Bremo* play thy part,  
Hovv novv vvhat sudden chaunce is this.

My limmes do tremble and my sinevves shake

My vnnveakned armes haue lost their former force:

Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, vvhat a foyle hast thou,

That yet at no time euer vvast afraide

To dare the greatest gods to fight vvith thee, *he strikes*

And novv vvant strength for one dovvn driving blowv

Ah hovv my courage failes vvhen I should strike,

Some newe come spirit abiding in my breast,

Shall I spare her *Bremo*, spare her, do not kill,

Sayth spare her which neuer spared any?

To it *Bremo* to it, say againe.

I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand,

Me thiikes I should not strik so faire a one,

I thinke her beawtie hath bewitcht my force

Or else vvith in me altered natures course,

ay woman, wilt thou liue in vvoods vvith me;

*Ama.* Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in vvoodes;

*Bre*







Br. Thou shalt not chuse, it shalbe as I say & there  
fore follow me. *Exit.*

*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

Mu. It was my wil an hower agoe and more,  
As was my promise for to make returne,  
But other busines hindred my pretence.  
It is a world to see when man appoints,  
And purposelic one certaine thing decrees  
How manie things may hinder his intent,  
What once would with the same is farthest off:  
But yet thappoynted time cannot be past,  
Nor hath her presence yet preuented wee,  
Well heere ile staie, and expect her comming.

*They crie within, hold him, staie him, holde*

Mu. Some one or other is pursued no doubt  
Perhaps some search for me, tis good to doubt the  
worst, therefore ile begone. *Exit.*

*Crie within hold him, hold him, Enter Mause  
the Clowne with a pot.*

Clo. Hold him, hold him hold him, heers a stir in deed  
Heere came hewe after the crier, and I was set close  
At mother Nips house, and there I calde for three  
Pots of ale, as tis the manner of ys courtiers, now sirra,  
I had taken the maiden head of tow of them.  
Now as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there  
came hold him, hold him, now I coulede not tell  
whome to catch hold on, but I am sure I caught one  
perchance a maie be in this pot, well ile see, mas I can-  
not see him yet, well ile looke a little further, mas he is  
a little slaue if a be heere, why heers no bodie, al this  
goes well yet: but if the olde trot shoulde come for her  
pot, I marrietheres the matter but I care not, ile face  
her out, and cal her ould rustie dustie mustie tustie  
cruskie firebran, and worse then al that, and so face her  
out

out of her pot: but softe heere she comes:

*Enter the ould woman.*

*Old wo.* Come on you knawe wheres my pot you knawe?

*Clo.* Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot were good for you.

*Old.* Thou liest thou knawe thou hast my pot: (say

*Clo.* You lie and you say it, I your pot, I know what ile

*Old.* Why what wilt thou say.

*Clo.* But say I haue him and thou darste,

*Old.* VVhy thou knawe thou hast not onelie my pot but my drinke vnpaide for.

*Clo.* You lie like an old I will not say whore.

*Old.* dost thou cal me whore, ile cap thee my for pot.

*Clo.* Cap me & thou darest, searce me whether I haue it or no.

*Shee searcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head and casts downe the pot, she stumbles at it, then they fall together by the eares, she takes her pot and goes out. Exit.*

*Enter Segasto*

*Se.* How now sirra, whats the matter;

*Clo.* Oh flies maister flies.

*Se.* Flies where are they?

*Clo.* Oh heere maister, all about your face.

*Se.* Why thou liest I think thou art mad: least

*Clo.* Why maister, I haue kild a duncart ful at the

*Se.* Go to sirra, leauing this idel talke giue eare to me.

*Clo.* How, giue you one of my eares? not & you were ten maisters.

*Se.* Why fir I bid you giue eare to my wordes,

*Clo.* I tell you I will no be made a curtall for no mans pleasure

*Se.* I tell thee attend what I say goe thy waies straight and reare the whole towne.

*Clo.*





*Clo.* How reare the towne: euen goe your selfe, it is more then I can doe, why doe you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a pot of ale to my heade: I should reare a towne should I not;

*Se.* Goto the cunstable and make a priuie search, for the shephard is runne away with the Kings daughter.

*Clo.* How? is the shepheard run away with the kings daughter. or is the kings daughter runne away with the shepheard.

*Se.* I cannot tell, but they are both gon together

*Clo.* What a foole is she to runne away with the shepheard, why I thinke I am a litle handsomer man then the shepheard my selfe, but tel me maister, must I make a priuie search, or search in the priuie;

*Se.* why dost thou thinke they will be there;

*Clo.* I cannot tell.

*Se.* Well then search euerie where, leaue no place vnsearched for them.

*Exit.*

*Col.* Oh now am I in office, uow wil I to that old fir brads house & wil not leaue one place vnsearched, nay ile to her ale stand & drink as long as I can stand, & when I haue done ile let out al the rest; to se if he be not hid in the barrel, & I find him not there, ile to the cubord. ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearched, ye faith ye old crust I wil be with you now.

*Exit.*

*Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.*

*Mu.* Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe,

Home to thy father to thy natiue soile,

Or trie some long abode within these woods;

Well I will hence depart and hie me home,

What hie me home said I? that may not be.

In *Amadine* rests my felicitie

Then

Then *Mucedorus* do as thou didst decree,  
Attire thee hermite like, within these groues,  
Walke often to the beach and view the well.  
Make settles there and seate thy selfe thereon,  
And when thou feelest thy selfe to be a thirst,  
Then drinke a heartie draught to *Amadine*,  
No doubt she thinkes on thee,  
And wil one day come pleg thee at this well:  
Come habit thou art fit for me, *he disguiseth himselfe*:  
No shepheard now, a hermit I must be:  
Methinkes this fits me verie well,  
Now must I learne to beare a walking staffe,  
And exercise some grauitie withall.

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Cl.* Heers throw the wods, and throw the wods,  
to looke out a shepheard & a stray kings daughter, but  
foste who haue we heere, what art thou?

*Mu.* I am an hermit.

*Cl.* An emmet, I neuer saw such big emmet in all  
my life before.

*Mu.* I tel you sir I am an hermit, one that leads a soli-  
tarie life within these woods.

*Cl.* O I know thee now, thou art her that eates vp al  
the hips and hawes, we could not haue one peece of fat  
bacon for thege al this yeare.

*Mu.* Thou dost mistake me, but I pray thee tell mee  
what dost thou seeke in these wood?

*Cl.* What doe I seeke, for a stray Kings daughter  
runne away with a shephard: *(hearde.*

*Mu.* A stray Kings daughter runne away with a shep-  
Wherefore canst thou tell?

*Cl.* Yes that I can, tis this, my maister and *Amadins*  
walking one day abrod, nearer to these woods then  
they wete vsed, about what I can not tell, but towarde  
them







them comes running a greate beate, now my maister  
he plaide the man and runne away, & *Amadine* crying  
after him: now sir comes me a shepheard & strikes off  
the beares head, now whether the bear were dead be-  
fore or no I cannot tell for bring twentie beas before  
me and binde their hands & feete and ile kil them all  
now euer since *Amadine* hath bin in loue with the shep-  
heard, and for good wil shees euen runne away with  
the shepheard.

*Mu.* What manner of man was a, canst describe him  
vnto mee;

*Clo.* Scrib him aye I warrant you that I can, a was a  
littel low, broad, tall, narrow, big wel fauoured fellow,  
a ierkin of whit cloath, and buttons of the same cloath.

*Mu.* Thou describest him wel, but if I chaunce to se any  
such, pray you wher shall I find you, or whats your name.

*Clo.* My name is called maister mouse,

*Mu.* Oh maister mouse, I pray you what office might  
you beare in the court?

*Clo.* Marry sir I am a rusher of the stable,

*Mu.* O vsher of the table-

*Clo.* Nay I say rusher and ile prooue mine office  
good, for looke sir when any comes from vnder the sea  
or so, and a dog chance to blow his nose bakeward, I  
then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day,  
and strawe rushes presently, therefore I am a rusher, a  
hie office I promise ye.

*Mu.* But wher shall I find you in the Courte?

*Clo.* Why where it is best being, either in the kitch-  
ing a eating or in the butterie drinking: but if you  
come I will prouide for thee a peece of beefe & brewis  
knockle deepe in fat, pray you take paines remember  
maister mouse.

*Exit.*

E

*Mu.*

W<sup>th</sup>. Ay sir, I warrant I will not forget you.  
Ah *Amadine*, what should become of the.  
whither shouldst thou go so long vnknowne.  
with watch and warde eche passage is beset,  
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne:  
Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these woods  
And wandring too aud fro she seekes the vvell, (out  
Which yet she cannot finde, therefore vwill I seek hers,  
*Exit.*

*Enter Bremono and Amadine,*

*Bre.* *Amadine*, how like you *Bremos* & his vwoodes?

*Ama.* As like the vwoodes of *Bremos* crueltie,  
Though I were dombe and could not answer him,  
The beastes themselues would with relenting teares  
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumaine deedes.

*Bre.* My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?  
Speake lowder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not,

*Ama.* My *Bremo*, no the shephsard is my loue.

*Bre.* Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,  
Giuing thee leaue to liue that thou mightst loue?  
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie;  
Come kisse me swete for all my fauours past.

*Ama.* I may not *Bremo* and therefore pardon me.

*Bre.* See how shee flings away from me;  
I will follow and giue a rend to her,  
Denie my loue, ah worme of beautie (block  
I wil chastice thee: com, com, prepare thy head vpon the

*Ama.* Oh spare me *Bremo* loue should limit life,  
Not to be made a murderer of him selfe  
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,  
Encounter with the lion or the beare,  
And a like wolfe pray not vpon a lambe.

*Bre.* Why then dost thou repine at me?  
If thou wilt loue me thou shalt be my queene,

I will





I will crowne thee with a complet made of Iuorie,  
And make the rose and lilly wait on thee,  
Ile rend the burley braunches from the oke,  
To shadow thee from buring sunne,  
The trees shall spread themselves where thou dost go,  
And as they spread, ile trace along with thee,

*Ama.* You may, for who but you?

*Bre.* Thou shalt bee fed with quailles and partridges  
With blacke birds, larkes, thrushes and nightingales.  
Thy drinke shall bee goates milke and christal water,  
Distilled from the fountaines & the clearest springs,  
And all the dainties that the woods afforde.  
Ile freely giue thee to obtaine thy loue.

*Ama.* You may, for who but you?

*Bre.* The day ile spend to recreate my loue,  
With all the pleasures that I can deuise,  
And in the night ile be thy bedfellow,  
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.

*Ama.* One may, so may not you.

(the

*Bre.* The satyres & the woodnymphs shal attend on  
And lull thee a sleepe with musickes sounde,  
And in the morning when thou dost awake  
The lark shall sing good morne to my queene,  
And whilst he singes ile kisse my *Amadine*.

*Ama.* You may, for who but you?

*Br.* When thou art vp, the wood lanes shal be strawed  
With violets, cowslips and swete marigolds,  
For thee to trampel and to trace vpon,  
And I will teach thee how to kill the deare,  
To chase the hart and how to rowse the roe,  
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour mee.

*Ama.* You may, for who but you?

*Enter Mucedorus.*

*Bre.* Welcomd sir, an howre ago I lookt for such a guest









If men which liued tofore as thou dost now,  
Wille in wood, addicted all to spoile,  
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes,  
Let me like *Orpheus* cause thee to returne  
From murder, bloudshed and like cruellie,  
What should we fight befor we haue a cause  
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully.  
He fight for thee.

*Bre*, Fight forme or die, or fight or els thou diest.

*Ama*. hold *Bremo* hold,

*Bre*, Away I say, thou troublest mee,

*Ama*. You promised me to make me your queenne.

*Bre*. I did, I meane no less.

*Ama*. You promised that I should haue my wil,

*Bre*., I did I meane no lesse. (both:

*Amv*. Then saue this hermits life, for he may saue vs

*B*. Athy request ile spare him, but neuer any after him  
Say hermit what canst thou doe?

*Amv*. He waite on thee, sometime vpon the queene,  
such freuice shalt thou shortly haue as *Bremo* neuer  
had.

*Exiunt*

*Enter Segasto, the Clowne and Rumbelo.*

*Se*. Come sirs what shall I neuer haue you finde out  
(*Amadine* and the shepheard)

*Clo*. And I haue bin through the woods, and through  
the woods, and could see nothing but an emet.

*R*. Why I see thousand emets, thou meaneest a little one,

*Clo*. Nay that emet that I saw was bigger then thou art

*R*. Bigger then I what a foole haue you to your man,  
I pray you maister turne him away?

*Se*. But dost thou heare, was he not a man.

*Clo*. thinke he was, for he saide he did lead a salt-  
seller life about the woods.

*Se*. Then wouldest say a solitarie life about the woods

E3

*Clo*.

*Clo.* I thinke it was so indeed.

*R.* I thought what a foole thou art.

*Clo.* Thou art a wise man, why he did nothing but sleepe since he went

*Se.* But tell me Mause, how did he goe ;

*Clo.* In a whit gowne and a whit hat on his head, and a staffe in his hande.

*Se.* I thought so, it was a hermit that walked a solitarie life in the woods.

*Se.* Well, get you to dinner, and after neuer leaue seeking til you bring some newes of them, or ile hang you both.

*Exit.*

*Clo.* How now Rombelo, what shall we do now;

*R.* Faith ile hometo dinner, and afterwarde to sleep.

*Clo.* Why then thou wilt be hanged.

*R.* Faith I care not, for I know I shal neuer find them wel ile once more abroad, & if I cannot find them, ile neuer come home againe.

*Clo.* I tel thee what Rombelo, thou shalt go in at one end of the wood and I at the other, and wee will meete both together at the midst.

*R.* Content, lets awaie to dinner

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Mucedorus solus.*

*Mu:* Vnknowne to any heere within these woods  
With bloodie Brema do I lead my life,  
The monster he doth murder all he meets,  
He spareth none and none doth him escape,  
Who would continue, vvho but onely I  
In such a cruell cutthroates company.  
Yet *Amadine* is there hovv can I choofe:  
Ah fillie soule hovv often times she fits

And





And sighes, and cals come shepheard come,  
Svveete *Mucedorus*, come and let me free,  
When *Mucedorus* present standes her by:  
But here she comes, vvhath newes faire Ladie as you  
vvalke these vvhoods.

*Enter Amadine.* vvest.

*Ama.* Ah hermit, none but bad & such as thou knowest.

*Mu.* How doe you like your *Bremo* and his vvhoods;

*Ama.* Not my *Bremo* nor his *Bremo* vvhoods;

*Mu.* And vvhwhy, not yours, me thinks he loues you vvel

*Ama.* I like him not, his loue to me is nothing vvroth

*Mu.* Ladie, in this methinks you offer vvrong,  
To hate the man that euer loues you best.

*Ama.* Ah hermit, I take no pleasure in his loue,  
Neither yet doth *Bremo* like me best.

*Mu.* pardon my boldnes faire ladie, sith vve both  
May safely talke now out of *Bremos* sight,  
Vntould to me if so you please, the full discourse  
How, when and vvhwhy you came into these vvhoods,  
And fell into this blodie burchers hands. (you

*Ama.* Hermit I vvil, of late a vvorthe shepheard I did  
loue.

*Mu.* A shephard lady, sure a man vnfit to match vwith

*Ama.* Hermit this is true, and vvhwhen vve had.

*Mu.* Staie there, the vvhild men comes

Referre the rest vntill another time.

*Enter Bremo.* (heere;

What secret tale is this, vvhwhat vvhwhispering haue vvee  
Villaine I charge the tell thy tale againe,

*Mu.* I needes I must. loe here it is againe,  
When as vve both had lost the sight of thee  
It greend vs both, but specially thy queene,  
Who in thy absence euer feares the vvorst,  
Least some mischance befall your royall grace.









You said you loued a shepheard.

*Ama.* I so I doe, and none but only him.  
And will do stil as long as life shall last

*Mu.* Buttell me ladie, sith I set you free,  
What course of life do you intend to take?

*Ama.* I wil disguised wander through the world  
Til I haue found him out,

*Mu.* How if you find your shephard in these woods?

*Ama.* Ah none so happie then as *Amadine*.

*He disguiseth himselfe.*

*Mu.* In tract of time a man may alter much,  
Say Ladie doe you know your shepheard well?

*Ama.* My *Mucedorus* hath he set me free?

*Mucedorus* he hath set thee free.

*Ama.* And liued so long vnknowne to *Amadine*.

*Mu.* Ay thats a question where of you may not  
be resolued,

You know that I am banisht from the court,  
I know likewise each passage is beset,  
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne,  
Therefore my will is this, that we retorne  
Right throught the thickets to the wild mans caue:  
And there a while liue on his prouision,  
Vntil the search and narrow watch be past.  
This is my counsel, and I thinke it best.

*Ama* I thinke the verie same.

*Mu.* Come lets begone.

*The Clowne searches and fells ouer the  
wild man and so carry him away.*

*Clo.* Nay soft sir are you heere. abots on you,  
I was like to behanged for not finding you,  
We would borrow a certaine stray kings daughter of  
you; a wench, a wence sir we would haue.

*Mu.* A wench of me ile make thee eate my sword.

*Clo.* Oh Lord, nay and you are solustie Ile cal a cooling card for you, ho maister, maister come away quick lie.

*Enter Segasto.*

*Se.* Whats the matter;

*Cl.* Looke maister, *Amadine* & the shepheard, oh braue

*Se.* What minion, haue I found you out;

*Clo.* Nay thats alie, I found her out my selfe.

*Se.* Thou gadding hufwife, what cause hadst thou to gad abroad,

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nie?

*Ama.* Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand,  
I lew your assurance, then ile answere you.

*Se.* Thy fathers promise my assurance is.

*Ama.* But what he promist he hath not performde.

*Se.* It rests in thee for to performe the same:

*Ama.* Not I.

*Se.* And why;

*Ama.* So is my will and therefore euen so.

*Clo.* Maister with a none, none noe.

*Se.* A wicked villant art thou here?

*Mu.* What needes these wordes we way them not?

*Se.* We way them not proud shepheard, I skorne thy companie.

*Clo.* Weele not haue a corner of thy companie.

*Mu.* I skorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

*Clo.* Thats alie, a would haue kild me with his pugs  
nondoo

*Se.* This stoutnesse *Amadine* contents me not.

*Ama.* Then seeke an other that may you better please

*Mu.* Well *Amadine*, it onelie rests in thee

Without delay to make thy choise of three,

There stands *Segasto*, here a shepheard stands,

There stands the third, now make thy choise,

*Clo.*





*Clo.* A Lord at the least I am.

*Am.* My choise is made, for I will none but thee.

*Se.* A worthy mate no doubt for such a wife.

*Mu.* And *Amadine*, why wilt thou none but me?

I cannot keepe thee as thy father did,  
I haue no landes for to maintainethy state.

Moreouer if thou meane to be my wife,

Commonly this must be thy vse,

To bed at midnight, vpat fowre,

Drudge all daie and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our dailie vittell for to winne:

And last of all which is the worst of all,

No princes then but plaine a shepherds wife.

*Clo.* Then god ge you god morrow goody sheheard

*Ama.* It shall not neede if *Amadine* do liue,

Thou shalt be crowned king of *Arragon*,

*Clo.* Oh maister laugh, when hees King then ile be  
a queene.

*Mu.* Then know that which nere tofore was known  
I am no sheheard, no *Arragonian* I,  
But borne of Royall blood, my fathers of *Valentia*  
King, my mother queene, who for thy secret sake  
Tooke this hard task in hand.

*Ama.* Ah how I ioy my fortune is so good,

*Se.* Well now I see, *Segasto* shall not speede  
But *Mucedorus*, I as much do ioy  
To see thee here within our Court of *Arragon*,  
As if a kingdome had befallne me this time,  
I with my heart surrender it to thee.

*He giueth her vnto him.*

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

*Cel.* What bannes doore and borne where my father

Was cunstable . a botson thee, how dost thee.

*Mu.* Thanks *Segasto*, but yet you leueld at the crowne.

*Clo.* Maister beare this and beare all.

*Se.* Why so sir.

*Clo.* He sees sees you take a goose by the crowne.

*Se.* Go to sir, away, post you to the king,  
Whose hart is fraught with carefull doubts,  
Glad him vp and tell him these good newes,  
And we will follow as fast as we may.

*Clo.* I goe maister, I runne maister.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the King and Colen*

*K.* Break heart and end my paled woes,  
My amadine the comfort of my life,  
How can I ioy except she were in sight.  
Her absence breeds sorrow to my soule  
And with a thunder breakes my heart in twaine.

*Clo.* Forbeare those passions gentle King,  
And you shall see twill turne vnto the best,  
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioye.

*K.* Such ioye as death, I do assure me that,  
And naught but death, vnlesse of her I heare,  
And that with speede, I cannot sigh thus long  
But what a tumult doe I heare within.

*The crie within ioye and happinesse.*

*Clo.* I heare a noyse of ouer-passing ioye

Within the court, my Lord be of good comfort.  
And heere comes one in hast,

*Enter the Clowne running.*

*Clo.* A King, a King, a King.

*Col.* V hy how now sirra, what is the matter?

*Clo.* Otis neeves for a king tis vwoorth money.

*King*







K. Why firra, thou shalt haue siluer and gold if it bee good.

*Clo.* Otis good, tis good, *Amadine.*

K. Oh what of her, tell me? & I will make thee a knight

*Clo.* How a spirit? no by ladie, I will not be a spirit, Maisters get ye away, if I be, a spirit, I shall be so leane I shall make you all afraide.

*Coh.* Thou sot, the King meanes to make thee a gentleman.

*Clo.* Why I shall want parrell.

*King.* Thou shalt want for nothing.

*Clo.* Then stand away, tricke vp thy selfe, heere they come.

*Enter Segasto Mucedorus and Amadins.*

*Ama.* My gracious father pardon thy disloyal daughter

K. What do mine eies be hould my daughter *Amadine*

Rise vp dere daughter & let these my embrasing armes

Shew some token of thy father ioie,

Which euer since thy departure hath laugished in sorrow:

*Mu.* Deare father, neuer were your sorrows

Greater then my griefes,

Neuer you so deloate as I comfortlesse,

Yet neuer thelesse acknowledging my selfe

To be the cause of both, on bended knees

I humblie ctaue your pardon.

*King.* ile pardon thee deare daughter: but as for him.

*Ama.* Ah father what of him,

*King.* Assure as I am a king, and weare the crowne, I will reuenge on that accursed wretch.

*Mu.* Yet worthy prince worke not thy will in wrath shew fauour.

*K.* I, such fauour as thou deseruest.

*Mu.* I do deserue the daughter of a king.

*K.* Oh impudent, a shepheard and so insolent,

*Mu.* No shepheard I, but a worthy prince.

*King.* In farre conceit, not princelie borne.

*Mu.* Yes princely borne my father is a king.

My mother Queene, and of Valentia both,

*K.* What *Mucedorns*, welcome to our court,  
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguised?

*Mu.* No cause to feare, I caused no offence,  
But this desiring thy daughters vertues for to see  
Disguised my selfe from out my fathers court,  
Vnknownen to any in secret I did rest,

And passed many troubles neere to death,  
So hath your daughter my partaker bin,  
As you shall know heereafter more at large,  
Desiring you, you will giue her to mee,  
Euen as mine owne and soueraigne of my life  
Then shall I thinke my trauels are wel spent.

*King.* With all my heart: but this.

*Segasto* claimes my promise made to fore,  
That he should haue her as his onely wife,  
Before my counsel when we came from war  
*Segasto*, may I craue thee let it passe.

And giue *Armadine* as wife to *Mucedorns*;

*Se.* Withall my heart, were it far a greater thing,  
And what I may to furnish vp there rites,  
With pleasing sports and pastimes you shall see.

*King.* Thanks good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.

*Mu.* Thanks good my Lord, & while I liue  
Account of me in what I can or maie.

*Ama.* And good *Segasto* these great curtesies  
Shall not be forgot.

(done?)

*Clo.* Why harke you maister, bones what haue you

What





What giuen away the wench you made me take such  
paines for, you are wise indeed, mas and I had knowne  
of that I would haue had her my selfe. faith master now  
wee maie goe to breakefast with a woodcoke pie,

*Sc.* Goe sir you were best leaue this knaerie-

*K.* Come on my Lordes, lets now to court  
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest daie  
That euer hapt to a distressed King,  
With mirth and ioy and greate solemnitie,  
Weele finish vp these hymens rightes most pleasant  
lie,

*Cl.* Hoe Lordes at the first, I am one to, but heare  
maister King by your leaue a cast, now you haue done  
with them, I praie you begin with me.

*K.* Why what wouldst thou haue;

*Cl.* O you forget now, a little apparrell to makes  
handsome what should Lordes goe so beggerlie as I  
doe?

*K.* What I did promise thee, I will performe, attende  
on mee, come lets depart.

*They all speake.*

Weele waite on you with all our hearts.

*Cl.* And with a peece of my liuer to.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Comedie and Enuie.*

*Comedie.* How now *Enuie*, what blushest thou all  
readie,

Peepe forth, hide not thy head with shame,

But with a courage praie a womans deeds,

Thy threates were vaine, thou couldst doe me no hurt.

Although thou seemest to crosse me with despite,

Touerwhelmde, and turnde vpside downe thy block e  
And made thy selfe to stumble at the same,

*En.* Though stumbled yet not ouerthrowne,  
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildenesse,  
Yet must I needes confesse thou hast don well,  
And plaide thy part with merth and pleasant glee:  
Saie all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,  
Although this time thou hast got yet not the conquest  
neither.

A double reuenge another time ile haue:

*Co.* Then caitife cursed, stoope vpon thy knee,  
Yeelde to a woman, though not to mee,  
And pray we both together with our hearts,  
That she thrice Nestors yeares may with vs rest,  
And from her foes high God defend her still,  
That they against her may neuer wooke thir will.

*En.* Enuie were he neuer so stoute  
Would becke and bowe vnto her maiestie,  
Indeepe *Comedie* thou hast ouerrunne me now,  
And forst me stoope vnto a womans swaie.  
God grant her grace amongst vs long may raigne,  
And those that would not haue it foe,  
Would that by enuie soone their heartes they might  
forgoe.

*Co.* The Counsell, Noble, and this Realme,  
Lord guide it stil with thy most holy hand,  
The Commons and the subiectes grant them grace,  
Their prince to serue, her to obey, & treason to deface:  
Long maie she raine, in ioy and greate felicitie,  
Each Christian heart do saie amen with me,

*Exeunt.*

*FIN IS.*















